



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Translation Attempted.

O NIGHT, thy enemies declare
Thee dark, to me supremely fair,
While truth desires to be more true,
And love vows double love to you.
How do I dread the morning's eyes,
When beneath night's dear disguise,
Love throws aside all other screen,
And favours felt need not be seen!
Then fearful, less, then less severe,
Each soft persuasion wins the ear:
But should Aurora's blushes break,
A kindred blush illumines her cheek,
Love now may sigh, 'twere vain to speak.

MR. NICKER.

AGIOTEUR adroit, Ministre sans
moyen,
De rien il fit de l'or, et d'un Empire rien.

Mr. Pitt.

The flame of England's glory, thro' him was chang'd
to vapour,
He found it full of gold, and he left it full—of paper.

*From a young man of Philadelphia, to the
Principal of the Society called *Dunkers*,†
in consequence of a visit he had paid him,
and the conversation which had passed be-
tween them at that time.

THE eternal God from his exalted
throne
Surveys at once earth, heaven, and worlds
unknown,
All things that are before his piercing eye,
Like the plain tracings of a picture lie:
Unuttered thoughts, deep in the heart
concealed,
In strong expressions stand to him re-
veal'd,

*On looking over some manuscripts given me
by a departed relative, among other (to me) va-
luable productions, I found the above poetic piece.
I am not sure whether it ever appeared in print,
but am inclined to think the contrary. If the
pure and mild spirit of christian charity which
breathes in every line, was more generally in-
culcated and attended to—all the petty and acri-
monious distinctions, which at present exist a-
mong professing christians would be done away,
each might then use that form of worship most
consonant to his ideas, without running the
risk on that account of being branded with
the odious epithets of Orange man, or Unit-
ed men, terms which only tend to alienate
the affections of those who ought to live in ami-
ty with each other—we would not then hear
of a corps of Yeomanry laying down their arms
and refusing to obey their captain, because *several*
individuals of it (though otherwise unexception-
able characters) thought it right to say their
prayers in a different form from the rest.

When will Irishmen be awakened to their true
interests?—or politicians and patriots made sensible,
that in unanimity consist the strength, safety and
happiness of a nation?—If through the medium of
your valuable publication, even one proselyte should
be gained to liberality of sentiment, it will impart
a pleasing reflection to your well wishing reader.

HUMANUS.

†A religious sect of people whose principles and
manners are very singular, they reside at Ephrata,
a little village about a day's journey from Philadel-
phia.

Thousands and twice ten thousands every
day

To him, or feign'd, or real homage pay,
Like clouds of incense rolling to the skies
In various forms their supplications rise;
Their various forms to him no access gain
Without the heart's true incense, all are
vain;

The suppliant's secret motives there ap-
pear

The genuine source of every offered
prayer,

Some place religion on a throne superb,
And deck with jewels her resplendent
garb;

Painting and sculpture all their powers
display,

And lofty tapers shed a lambent ray,
High on the full-toned organ's swelling
sound

The pleasing anthem floats serenely round,
Harmonic strains then thrilling powers
combine

And lift the soul to extacy divine.
In Ephrata's deep gloom, you fix your seat,
And seek religion in the dark retreat,
In sable weeds you dress the heaven-born
maid,

And place her pensive in the lonely
shade;

Recluse, unsocial, you, your hours em-
ploy,

And fearful, banish every harmless joy,
Each may admire and use their favourite
form,

If Heaven's own flame their glowing oo-
soms wait in,

If love divine of God and man be there,
The deep-felt want that forms the ardent
prayer,

The grateful sense of blessings freely
given

The boon unsought, unmerited of Heaven;
'Tis true devotion, and the Lord of love
Such prayers and praises kindly will ap-
prove,

Whether from golden altars they arise,
And rapt in sound, and incense reach the
skies,

Or from your Ephrata so meek, so low,
In soft and silent aspirations flow.

Oh! let the Christian bless that glorious day
When useless forms shall all be done a-
way,

When we in spirit and in truth alone
Shall bend O, God! before thy awful
throne,

And thou our purer worship shall approve,
By sweet returns of everlasting love.

ODE;

By the late Miss Ryces.

WHAT constitutes a man?

Nothing rais'd titles nor possessions wide,

Rich fields, with corn o'er ran,
Not servile adoration paid to pride;
Not stars, by flattery gain'd,
Not gilded coronets, and blazon'd arms;
Not souls by meanness stain'd,
Whose low brow'd baseness, honour never
warms.

No—Freedom, ever bold,
With power of happiness alone endued;
Not lifeless, dull, and cold
As the vile Sycophant's disgusting brood.
Bold Freedom—gift divine—

By Heaven bestowed on th' independent
soul,

Which Tyrants can't confine
Within the fetters of unjust controul.

This constitutes a man!
And virtuous deeds, by Virtue's dictates
taught,

Which fearless dares to scan
With nicest scrutiny, each latent thought.
Struck by her sacred nod,
The fiend *servility*, unheeded shrinks,
And hard *constraint's* keen rod
In her great presence, unguarded sinks.
Thus by wise Heaven's decree
'Tis noble Freedom, join'd with virtue's
charms,

That form, what man should be,
Brave man! who shrinks alone at guilt's
alarms.

Poetical Register for 1803, p. 137.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*On National Government by George En-
sor esq. Author of "the Independent
Man, and Principles of Morality,"*
2 vols. 8vo. p. p. 456 and 487. Price
one Guinea. London, Printed by J.
Johnson & Co. for the Benefit of the
literary fund.

OUR countryman, the author of
these volumes, is known in the
literary world as author of "the
Principles of morality" published in
1801, and of "the Independent Man,"
published in 1806. They with the
present work, form a general plan
for man in his individual and social
capacity, and having in his former
publication discussed the first part of
his subject, he now proceed to pub-
lish a scheme for national government.
In this country he is known not merely
as the solitary recluse in his closet, for he
has judiciously added practice to theo-
ry, and is noted in the neighbourhood
of his residence at Ardress in the
county of Armagh, as possessing much
actual benevolence, and forming a
virtuous exception to many of his own
rank in life, acting very differently
from the fox hunting and party follow-
ing squires of Ireland, who, like their
prototype Nimrod, follow the double
occupation of being mighty hunters,
and whose "prey is man." In 1806 he
served the office of high sheriff for
the county of Armagh, and is gene-
rally an active member of the grand jury
of that county, in which latter capacity

he has not been unmindful of the interests
of this country as may appear by the
resolutions published by that body on the
subject of oppressive exactions in levy-
ing, &c. on some parts of that county.

The present work is the result of
much reflection, and certainly of
much reading. He exemplifies the
maxim of Bacon, "that reading
makes a full man." Indeed his quota-
tions are so abundant, and he draws
his authorities so copiously from books,
that there is some danger of his re-
lying too much on precedents already
formed, instead of drawing from the
original resources of his own mind,
and that *what has been written*, is suf-
fered to have more weight, than what
ought to be done. We are apt to va-
lue our knowledge, in proportion as
it has cost us, and those who have
passed laborious days, and toilsome
nights in gleaning through the library,
may be in danger of attaching more
weight to precedents, than is consist-
ent with their intrinsic value.

There is however much originality
and great depth of research in this
performance. We can warmly recom-
mend it to our readers, and have on-
ly to regret that from the apathy and
mawkishness of the present times, we
fear it will be too little popular, and
but seldom read. It is a symptom
of bad times, when works of genuine
merit are neglected, because they con-
tain matter too strong for the diges-
tive organs of the many, who if they